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Finds the Path Mourns

by Robert Cooperman

Hair Filled With Sun died today.
I hoisted her into a tree,
so she can fly off easy
to the Land of Plentiful Game.

Sometimes, when she thought
I wasn't looking, she'd sigh
for a bath or a new dress,
or her Boston childhood,
or even that gold hell-town
I took her from.

Still, she swore she wouldn't
trade our wandering for anything.
Then she'd hold me tight
and sing she loved me more
than her own breath
or the kids she couldn't have.

Hair Filled With Sun,
I named her. She said
I was a natural poet;
she took to snaring game
like she'd been a fox
before she was a woman,
could stitch our leggings
and tunics finer
than a Lakota squaw.

Just let me see her again:
in her preacher Pa's heaven,
or my poor Ute mother's
Land of Plentiful Game,
or in Hell, but together;
even if we're old
and wrinkled and useless,
except to each other.

